#### THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

WHUBERT'S C MAJOR SYMPHONY HEARD.

Mr. Safonoff Conducts It With Sympathy -Elsa Ruegger Plays Victor Herbert's Second 'Cello Concerto-Russian Music Naturally Prominent on the Programme

In the course of human events the sixth afternoon concert of the Philharmonic Society came to pass yesterday in Carnegie The programme prepared by Conductor Wassily Safonoff consisted of Schubert's C major symphony and Tschaikowsky's fantasia, "Francesa da Rimini." Between these numbers Elsa Ruegger performed Victor Herbert's second concerto for 'cello and orchestra. The concert as a whole was a pleasing entertainment and ought perhaps to have called forth more enthusiastic demonstrations of satisfaction. But it is by no means improbable that the Philharmonic audiences have been stung with the virus of sensationalism and that when all things move serenely and with artistic equipoise they are prone to regard the proceedings as just a trifle dull.

In the Schubert symphony Mr. Safonoff evoked warmer admiration from lovers the classic than he has usually done. It is undeniable that he seized opportuni ties to turn on the forte stop to its full limit in places where Schubert would in all likelihood have been satisfied with a mezzo forte, and it is equally sure that he displayed an affection for the trombones not fully justified by the score. But on the whole he showed sympathy with the music and under his batonless hands it was agreeably played.

In the scherzo he was perhaps further from the truth than in any of the other three movements, for here he took such a lively tempo and pressed so hard on the strings that the opening theme was muddled The speed of the movement deprived the second theme of its dainty grace. The final movement was more in Mr. Safonoff's vein, though it was here that he lifted the trombones too often into undue prominence. The bassoons looked after their own prominence, both here and elsewhere. No one could help hearing their acidulated tones trickling through the veil of color just about an eighth of an interval off the

The Tschaikowsky composition was to be expected. These are the days when people must hear Russian music whether they will or not. Sometimes the weary music reviewer passing from concert to concert at which the gallop of the Cossack steed or the smeanulated refinement of the concert at which the gallop of the Cossack steed or the emasculated refinement of the St. Petersburg salon greets his æsthetic sensibilities, wishes that some one would arrange a concert of Japanese music and thus bring on a merry war. But alas! Japan up to the present time has found musical representation only in "The Geisha," "San Toy." The Mikado" and "Madame Butterfly."

However, if we must continue to hear

Butterfly."
However, if we must continue to hear Russian music, by all means let it be that of Tschaikowsky. If we must think about people who are blown through space by winds let us think about Dante's wretched lovers and not about that wandering Herodias, who afterward became Kundry. If we must hear great winds depicted by the orchestra, let them be those which sent Francesca and her lover flying rather than those imagined by the decaying Herod or those which discomfited the gallant Don Quixote.

Tschaikowsky's "Francesca da Rimini" Ischaikowsky's "rancesca da ramini has power and poignancy, and it lost nothing yesterday by Mr. Safonoff's temperamental reading. There were one or two technical slips, a false entrance, and the continual lament of the untuneful bassoons, but on the whole it was a good performance for the Philharmonic Society. And Mr Safo-noff's manual graphics continued to provide

food for conjecture.

The 'cello concerto played by Miss Ruegger yesterday was dedicated by the com-poser to the Philharmonic Society, of which he was once a member and which he has several times conducted. In 1903, when Mr. Herbert was the conductor of the Pittsan herbert was the conductor of the Pitts-burg Orchestra, Miss Ruegger first played the concerto. It was a pretty compliment she paid both the Philharmonic Society and Mr. Herbert by bringing it forward yesterday. It is necessary to add at this time only the record of the fact that she played it excellently, with beauty of tone, with sympathetic spirit and with technical finish. The accompaniment supplied her finish. The accompaniment supplied her was by no means such as to inspire her with

#### MELBA AS MARGUERITE. Roussellere and Cavalleri in Leoncavallo's One Act Opera.

"Faust" was performed last night at the Manhattan Opera House. It was an evening of great delight to an audience which occupied every seat and crowded all the available standing room. The cause of all this outpouring of the public may be told in five letters-Melba. The famous soprano was down in the bills for Marquerite, and that was sufficient. It is a fact. which others may explain if they choose, that it used to take Mme. Melba, the two De Reszkes and Lasalle to draw such an udience as went to the Manhattan last night to hear only the soprano.

To be sure there were others in the cast, but they have sung several times in the same opera without causing excitement. Mme. Melba was unquestionably the attraction last evening, and her Marguerite, though perhaps not illusively girlish, was deightful in its vocal aspect. The old amliar juvenile quality of her voice is still with her, and in the duct, "Laissez moi," she sang with exquisite beauty of tone. In acting Mme. Melba was never a creative artist, but she has a routine, and she is wise enough never to make essays in uncertain directions.

Her principal associates last evening

Her principal associates last evening were Miss Trentini as Siebel, Mr. Dalmores as Faust, Mr. Ancona as Valentin and Mr. Armondi as Mephistopheles. Miss Trentini has distinguished herself in several ways, but last night she presented a Sietel of most original and unexpected kind. It was reserved for her to demonstrate that in this part there is more amusement than the casual spectrator would invariant. the casual spectator would imagine. Mr. Ancona had pneumatic difficulties last night and Mr. Dalmores, who seemed tired, disclosed an interesting treasure of recei closed an interesting treasury of vocal

At the Metropolitan Opera House a con-At the Metropolitan Opera House a considerable audience listened to Humperdinck's "Hansel und Gretel" and Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." The cast in the former was the same as heretofore, but in the latter Mr. Roussellère was the Canio and Miss Cavalieri the Nedda. Neither of them had previously been heard in these rôles here, though they had sung them in Philadelphia.

Miss Cavalieri, as is her custom, was very busy and pictorial Nedda, but vocally left something to the imagination. Part that which it so left was the pitch. Miss

of that which it so left was the pitch. Miss Cavalieri is a very vociferous soprano, but he seldom emits beautiful tones.

Mr. Rousselière is a tenor of the hard finish school, but he showed last night that he could produce a fairly good simulation of the stereotyped agonizing of the much wronged Canio. His "Ride, Pagliacci" semed to satisfy his hearers, who received it with the customary acclamations. with the customary acclamations.

#### The Seagoers.

Sailing to-day on the steamship Pennylvania, for Hamburg, are:

Mias Edith Stanton Brown, Miss C. Caton, Mrs. C. C. Cullen, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Lyon, Dr. A. H. Strobel. On the steamship New York, for South-

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Clark, Miss Elizabeth Croker, H. W. Curtis, Miss Lillian J. White. On the Lucania, for Liverpool, are booked:
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#### NEW BOOKS.

An Altruist in Wales. Protest will be aroused in the reader's

bosom in the opening scene of Flora Annie Steel's story of "The Sovereign Remedy" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), where young Lord Blackborough may be found shying gold sovereigns into the murky waters of wayside pool. It is to be said for Lord Blackborough, who was "the richest peer in Britain," that he was no mere imitator of Cleopatra with her pearl and vinegar, or of the man who spread a \$100 bill on a piece of bread and butter and ate it, thereafter dying in the poorhouse-to the end doubtless that he might furnish an enduring and favorite moral for the monitory to urge and for boasters and prodigals to consider. Though the young lord had money to "burn" or to immerse, as he pleased, there was no vanity in his makeup. He was an altruist, full of the desire of self-sacrifice; and we hasten to add that the shying away of the sovereigns is, anyway, no more than an incident in the tale, and that the title of the story does not refer to it particularly and is not a pun.

The story in its opening part is a good deal in the impressionistic manner; it establishes itself in flashes, and pretty close attention is needed in order to connect the pictures. The Scotch surgeon and the Methodist minister, two important oharacters, drop down with the suddenness though not at all with the dreadfulness of spiders from the sky; probably it was the shine of the cast away gold pieces that brought them so quickly, and no wonder; and a page further on Myfanwy Jones and Alicia Edwards, young ladies of attractive personality, really do come down through a hole in the ceiling, showing their pretty hosiery on the way. Ted Cruttenden thought himself fortunate to be at hand. The story is quite vivid and interesting at this point. It says in part: "A froufrou of silk petticoats on the ladder stairs which led up from a corner of the sitting cipation," the papers and letters to the end, room made Ted look round. He saw, first, a pair of many strapped, beaded black shoes with superlatively high heels, next, an interval of trim, black openwork stockings, finally, in a tourbillon of laced Fish. Vol. XII. comprises an anthology silk flouncings, over which it let down a black satin dress, a vision, in which Ted at once recognized the girl in curling pins; or rather her apotheosis, for she was now glorious both within and without."

This was Myfanwy Jones, and we are nistaken if, as a vision of substance, she does not recommend herself and her fortunate country of Wales to the reader. Her eloquent historian further says: "Her beautiful figure was literally cased in a tight bodice, which looked as if she must have been melted and run into it ere it could be so guiltless of wrinkles. The heavy lace yoke with which it was made showed the whiteness of her skin beneath it, a whiteness which held its own against the double row of false pearls about her neck. For the rest she was planned, laid out, developed in exact accordance with a Paris model in a shop." She set a "creation, a hat, upon "her tumultuous yet disciplined waves of hair" and ran a handful of long pins through it and through her head with the grace and immunity that are permitted to ladies. She was a model, "second, in fact, in the mantle department" of the great drapery firm of Williams & Edwards at Blackborough. She had dark eyes, which she knew perfectly how to use, and nothing can be plainer than that her father, a blacksmith, of whom, it was said that "there will be none better than Owen Jones from Pembroke to Pwlhelli," had a right to be

proud of her. Handsome as Myfanwy was, she was not as handsome as Aurelia, the heroine of the story, who lived a simple life in idyllic surroundings with her grandfather, Mr. Smith, who was a Socialist and scholar afflicted with mournful memories. Mr. Smith never used money, only checks, and Aurelia had never seen either a sovereign or a sixpence. If she had been a spectator when Lord Blackborough was casting away gold pieces it is probable that she would have been only slightly nterested. She was unsophisticated and ovely. In the morning she went among the flowers with stockingless feet shod in sandals-a vision differing from Myfanwy. There were two Cruttendens, Ned and Ted. Ned, furthermore, was Lord Blackborough. Ted was a clerk, with no money to throw away and little to warm his pockets with. They were both handsome. Ted was a little taller, a little the broader, distinctly the handsomer of face. Ned had the nicer voice and manner of enunciation. It was a battle between them as to who should marry Aurelia. Though adversaries, they conducted the battle with the most scrupulous consideration for each

other. Now Ted was ahead, now Ned. Aurelia was unusual in more particulars than the particular of wearing sandals and the particular of never having seen a sixpence. Undoubtedly, the story owes novelty to the fact that she refused to marry Ned because she was afraid that she would love him too much. Poor Ned! His was the unhappiness to learn that he could not have a girl for the reason, overwhelming with her, that she loved him dearly. We were sorry for the richest peer. We were sorry for the rejected well beloved. But he bore his troubles with fortitude and, noticeably, he bore them in a very gentlemanly way. It was surprising to us that a man of so much self-restraint should have permitted himself to go to the length of tragedy at last. But even in the last tragical fact he had poise, and even humor. As a number of British novelists that we have known would be likely to say, and as we agree, he bore himself like a Briton and a thoroughbred. There is a good deal in the story besides

the matter of Ned and Ted and Aurelia. Ned's cousin Helen, a young widow very constant to her memories, was loved by the Scotch surgeon, who looked on at the casting away of the gold pieces. Ned built a fine hospital for the surgeon, and Helen was matron in it. There was a great hotel, very ugly and unsuitable to the landscape, put up by conscienceless speculators on the Cornwall coast. It was lighted by electricity, and one night it caught fire from the wires and was burned up, with pathetic and tragic consequences. Myfanwy Jones and Alicia Edwards were rivals for the affections of Mervyn Pugh, the Methodist minister's beautiful, emotional and worthless young brother, and Myfanwy got him. Revivals and other manifestations of religious enthusiasm in a Welsh village are admirably described in the story. Industrial wrongs and troubles are presented and considered. There is a bit of supernatural embellishment in the form of crystal gazing. One of the characters is a German financier established in England, and some very remarkable German phrases are included in his conversation. He was not good at German. Altogether the story is readable, and its peculiarities do not spoil its interest.

The Works of Abraham Lincoln. With the two volumes before us, XI. and XII., the "Gettysburg" edition of the Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln." edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, reaches its completion (Francis D. Tandy Company, New York). Vol. XI. contains Garfield's address on "Lincoln and Eman with an appendix of matter discovered while the other volumes were in the press, and a very complete bibliography of books and pamphlets on Lincoln by Judge Daniel of Lincoln's savings, a chronological index, which, considering the arrangement of the material, is almost superfluous, and a

good general index. To the matter contained in the original Nicolay and Hay edition, 516 items have been added, increasing the number by nearly fourth. Some of these may seem trivial, but to apparently perfunctory notes or telegrams a story is often attached that fully justifies the insertion; much, of course, is important in itself. The pictures are numerous, particularly those of Lincoln. every one of which deserved to be perpetuated. The typography is handsome

The "Gettysburg" edition presents the works of a great American in worthy form, carefully edited and annotated, and as completely as possible.

and in perfect taste.

#### Some New Fiction.

A pretty love idyl on very conventional ines has been labelled by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture with the rather cumbersome title 'The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square" (E. P. Dutton and Company). It presents to the reader a charming young woman with a rural training whose blunderings in social matters redound to her profit; likewise an amiable young duke who plays the piano. There is much artistic furniture and some dress; there are many secondary characters that can be distinguished from the furniture with a little trouble. The hero is a soldier brother who does not appear in person and who never comes back. story is pleasant and readable and has the merit of suggesting no soul problems of any kind.

The great truth that sense is superfluous in writing hypothetical historical romance has been grasped by Mr. George Frederic Turner in "Frost and Friendship" (Little. Brown and Company). The hero, who tells his own story, is a well to do young man of the commercial traveller class. He is interested in winter sports, including "tobogganing," and in the politics of the fictitious principality he visits, which are needlessly gory. He undertakes to philosophize at times and to describe scenery, which is a mistake in stories such as he tells. He keeps the middle of the stage to his own satisfaction and never lets the reader mistake him for a gentleman: His story, however, is of the sort that readers will have the curiosity to finish if they once get over the beginning.

To the rapidly growing mass of Canadian ction must be added "The Lone Furrow" by W. A. Fraser (Appletons). The unexplained departure of a minister from his village enables the author to show up the smaller side of the Scots population and to offer some conventionally virtuous persons as contrasts. The narrator is maddeningly contemplative and deliberate. He is thus enabled to spin out his story to the end of the volume. Not sa tisfled with inflicting Scottish dialect on his readers he injects without ryhme or reason fragments of an Anglo-Indian vocabulary. We have not found that the story with its theological and toil of wading through it. Scottish and Great Republic by the Master Historians." Canadian appetites may be more vigorous. Two addresses by the veteran historian

Mr. Maarten Maartens to the ranks of English writers may possibly take pleasure in the twenty-odd short stories contained in "The Woman's Victory and Other Stories" (Appletons). They are uniformly dismal and depressing. They may convey artistic or philosophic impressions to the initiated; to others they will seem vague and clumsy.

It brings back the days of Gleason's Pictorial and the Waverly Magazine to come across a story like Alice Livingstone's "A Sealed Book" (R. F. Fenno and Company, New York). The characters are fittingly high born, the villain is very wicked, the thrills are frequent, the English is innocent of style. In one respect we are reminded of Durnas: each sentence makes a paragraph It is queer, nevertheless, to see stories like this appear in book form.

Another poet has been completed in the admirable "Cambridge English Classics," issued by the Cambridge University Press, with Vol. III. of "Poems," by George Crabbe, edited by Dr. Adolphus William Ward. In a mild way there is a Crabbe revival, perhaps owing to Edward FitzGerald, and this new edition will be welcome to his admirers. It is owing to the author's own careless that Dr. Ward has had so much trouble in collecting an authentic text. In this volume he has been able to bring together in an appendix of eighty pages of small type many poems not printed previously. In reviewing some publications of the Cambridge University Press last week a mistake was made in naming their American publishers. These are now George P. Putnam's Sons.

A castle in the air that merely exhibits German ambition overleaping itself will be found in Rudolf Martin's "Berlin-Baghdad" (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt, Stuttgart). The second title explains the book: "The German world empire in the age of aerial flight, 1910-1931." Coming after Mr. H. G. Wells, the author's inventiveness suffers; his fights in the air are necessarily imaginative, and so, we fear, is his patriotic dream of Germany with all humankind a suppliant at her knee.

Various speeches and articles by William Gilbert Davies, LL. D., have been collected under the title "Papers and Addresses" (Robert Grier Cooke). Those relating to life insurance, about which the author is especially competent to speak, are very interesting. Many are historical studies delivered before the St. Nicholas and like societies. A pardonable vanity leads the author to include the class poem he delivered at Trinity College in 1860.

The fable of the dying lion holds good apparently even after he is dead. Whatever Henrik Ibsen's faults may have been he should have been spared a biography such as Mr. Haldane Macfall has written in "Ibsen. The Man, His Art and His Significance" (Morgan Shepard and Company, New York). It is gushing and impressionistic, with much effort at fine writing. It is illustrated with unpleasant caricatures and published in a squat, fat little volume. Mr. Haldane wreaks his spite on Björnson by calling him throughout Byornsterne Byornson.

Popular traditions about Mendelssohn Mozart, Beethoven and Haydn, first published some years ago, are now printed as "Stories of the Four Great Composers," by Bertha Seavey Saunier (The S. Brainard's Sons Company, New York). The book is intended for young people and is as harmless as it is unpretentious.

Literary history is breaking out in queer spots. An English schoolmaster interested in French, Mr. T. R. Davies, having come across a Paris newspaper published in the days of the romantic fight, Le Globe, has thought that it might be useful to somebody to write out a sort of State calendar volume of the literary criticisms in that periodical. This he publishes in "French Romanticism and the Press. The Globe' (Cambridge University Press; G. Putnam's Sons). It is conceivable that there might be some interest in reprinted contemporary reviews of books and authors subsequently famous, but we fail to see the utility of Mr. Davies's summaries of the substance of long forgotten reviews. Not even the needs of a doctor dissertation could make them serviceable.

The story of the most famous woman in heathendom is told by Lea Donald in "A Daughter of the Gods" (The Grafton Press, New York). It is surprising that nobody had undertaken to write a biography of Helen. The poets have not treated her as well as she deserved. From them and from the historians the author has gathered what she could about the ill fated daughter of Zeus and Leda. We regret that the illustrations are from modern pictures, but they harmonize with the text.

Soon after the Spanish war Mr. Charles Morris of Philadelphia put together a patchwork history of the United States, made up of extracts from various historians with connecting paragraphs of his own. It was in four volumes and at the time, perhaps, there was some excuse for devoting one of the four to the events that had recently occurred. though even now, we imagine, the political consequences have relegated the incidents of the Spanish war to something like their proper place in history. That history is now published in a cheap, popular form literary digressions compensated for the by John Wanamaker with the title "The

Those who welcomed the accession of Hubert Howe Bancroft, urging his fellow

#### Not Novels But Interesting

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townsmen to rebuild their city so that it shall be better and more beautiful, are published with the title "Some Cities and San Francisco, and Resurgam" (The Bancroft Company, New York). It is gratifying to note his optimism about the future. in spite of the revelations of corruption and of the bondage under which the city lies. The record of an English amateur athletic club will be found in "Annals of the Corinthian Football Club," by B. O. Corbett (Longmans, Green and Company). It gives an account of several foreign tours, including one to America last year, and also notes on the game. The club seems to have some peculiarities of its own in football. The book should interest all interested in the game, and also all who care for the amateur character in athletics.

#### Books Received.

"The Real Louis XV." Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P Haggard. (Appletons.) "Talleyrand." Joseph McCabe. (Appletons.) "The Act to Regulate Commerce. . . . Indexed, Di-gested and Annotated." Charles S. Hamlin. (Litile, Brown and Company.'
"German Religious Life in Colonial Times." Lucy Forney Bittinger. (J. P. Lippincott Company.)
"Sex and Society." William 1. Thomas. (The Iniversity of Chicago Press, Chicago.) "A Boy's Marriage." Hugh de Sélincourt. (John

Lane Company.)

G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"The Law of Suggestion." The Rev. Stanley, LeFevre Krebs. (Science Press, Chicago.) "The Messiah Idea in Jewish History." Julius H. Greenstone, Ph. D. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.) "Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton," A. C. Benson Mitchell Kennerley, New York.)
"Truth and Falsehood in Religion." William Raion Inge. D. D. (E. P. Dutton and Company.)

"The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery." Karl Werder,

'Queen and Cardinal." Mrs. Colqunoun Grant (E. P. Dutton and Company.) "Studies in Biography." Str Spencer Walpole (E. P. Dutton and Company.) "The indebtedness of Handel to Other Com-Sedley Taylor. (Cambridge University Press; G. P. Putnam's Sons.) "Sea Yarus for Boys." W. J. Henderson. (Har

pers. "Good Hunting." Theodore Roosevelt. (Har "Christian Science." Mark Twain. (Harpers.) BOOKS—All out of print books supplied, no matter on what subject; write me stating books wanted; I can get you any book ever published; when in England call and inspect my stock of 50,000 rare books. BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, John Bright st., Birmingham, England.

"The American Scene." Henry James. (Ha Statistical Abstract of the World." Henry fannett. (John Wiley and Sons, New York) "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching: Tenny nier." Henry Nelson Snyder. (Eaton and Main

PUCCINI AT REHEARSAL. Sees Performance of "Madama Butterfly"

and Is Gratified. The final dress rehearsal of "Madams Butterfly" was held yesterday at the Metro-

politan Opera House in the presence of the composer, Signor Puccini. All the singers were in costume, except those that are to represent the Americans. Caruso and Scotti have frequently worn their costumes in the opera at its perform-ances in London and did not need to try them on. Both Miss Farrar and Mme. Homer on. Doth Miss rairar and Mme. Homer wore the Japanese dresses designed for them by a Japanese actress, who also trained them how to walk and move in the Japanese fashion. Signor Puccini at the conclusion of the rehearsal expressed great satisfaction.

The performance of "La Bohème" this

The performance of "La Bohème" this afternoon is to be in honor of the composer's presence. Mme. Sembrich has receivered and will positively appear as Mini. This will be her first appearance at the Metropolitan in two weeks.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will not be able to reach New York from her concert tour in time to appear in the first performance of "Tristan und Isolde" on next Friday, and her place will be taken by Mme. Homer

The operas for next Saturday were announced yesterday. "Adda" will be sung in the afternoon, with Mme. Eames and Signor Caruso in the leading roles. At night a double bill, comprising "Don Pasquale." in which Mme. Sembrich and Signor Scotti will sing, and "Cavelleria Rusticana," in which Mme. Boninsegna and Signor Stracciari will appear, will be performed. M. Digned will appear, will be performed. Austicana, in which Mme. Boninsegna and Signor Stracciari will appear, will be performed. M. Dippel will sing the tenor role in both operas, appearing first as the gallant *Bruseto* of "Don Pasquale" and then as the faithless *Turiddu* of "Cavalleria"

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MAY DISRUPT GREAT ORCHESTRA. Musicians' Union Makes Rule's Cincinnati Symphony Will Not Accept.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 8 .- Differences between the Musicians' Protective Union and the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra Association may cause the dissolution of the orchestra, of which Frank Von Der Stucken is conductor.

Relations between the local union and the

orchestra association have been strained to the breaking point, and Mrs. Hattie Fleischmann Holmes, president of the Orchestra Association, to-day refused to make contracts for next year. One threat is in the warning issued by Jacob J. Semalz, secretary of the Cincinnati union. In it union musicians are for-

bidden to play with members of the Sym-phony who are not Cincinnati men but were brought by the association from other cities. These men are members of the National Federation of Musicians. The association has sought to effect a ettlement, but the splendid orchestra that has been gathered together and nurtured by public spirted citizens during the last dozen years seems doomed.

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